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keen rays of light. He started—he stooped to make sure, as the Bee said, that his eyes did not deceive him. It was a bright new sovereign! And upon the bright golden surface of this coin, which had become the medium of so many natural wonders, there shone a large drop of dew!

The Fish was somewhat behind the rest, he having preferred to go by water; he soon joined the party however, and identified the glittering coin as the subject of his picture. This flying, crawling, swimming, jumping, and thinking group were quite amazed. Finally, they turned to the Artist, each demanding his picture; and because the representative of thought would not comply with the demand, foreseeing a critical battle, his patrons became enraged, and determined to assault him.

At this moment, while the Artist stood with a mind confused by the surrounding scene, the Cat made a sudden rush between his legs. He started—reeled sideways, and, being unable to recover himself, fell at his length upon the grass, while, with the jerk, all his painting apparatus flew from his hands, and all the sketches were scattered upon the green slope.

Now, it seemed palpable to the valiant leaders of the onslaught that the Cat had only obeyed the Ant's order to "charge," and had acted in flying cavalry fashion. The fact was, however, that she had only made a dash at the Fish, lost him and tumbled headlong into the brook.

By no means comprehending the true state of affairs, but rather imagining that he had been overthrown by a combined charge of his enraged patrons, the Artist raised himself to a sitting position, and looked round about him. His sketches were scattered over the grass in all directions, face upwards, and his broken easel, his crayons, brushes, palette, little paint-bladders, and sundry small bottles, had been flung about at random. But what had become of his enemies, so lately his friends, who had given him "commissions to paint" so many pictures? Were they all gone?

They were: nothing was left to the artist but the ideas derived through association with his late companions. These were transferred to canvas for the benefit of a different audience, as will appear in the sequel.

Having permitted the Bee to see a gold sovereign with eyes such as the Creator gave him, we will substitute man-brain for bee-brain, and give our readers the results of man's looking through the same organ.

The bee had seen the circle of the sovereign as a hexagonal figure. That was intelligible from the various known circumstances, such as the shape of the lenses of her eyes, and the shape of the honey-cells. It was set round with lights. That might have been the chasing on the edges, magnified or multiplied by the peculiarity of the Bee's vision. It also appeared that the Bee had seen VI through a liquid globe of the color of honey. That was clearly the gold shining through the dew-drop, and the VI, which our friend had at first supposed to refer to the Bee's favorite number of *six*, he now perceived to be the first two letters of her gracious majesty's name; and that the same numerals inverted, as he had erroneously supposed, were in fact the two last letters (I A) of the same royal designation; the Greek accents (after I) being in all probability some slight scratches or marks not visible to the human eye,

unless through a microscope. As for the rest of the Bee's description, the Artist attributed it to a similar cause, and he also admitted to himself that he had taken a few liberties in the general treatment, according to his own imagination, whereof came his sketch, entitled "Outskirts of the Gardens of the Hesperides."

A moral to the foregoing, and we leave the "Poor Artist, or Seven Eyesights and One Object," for another month.

Universality is made up of countless individualities; and not only does each different species of creature feel itself of great importance to nature, but each individual of each species regards itself as of special account, and compares itself complacently with all the world that surrounds it. Each individual of necessity makes himself, in a great measure, the standard of comparison for all others; by his own senses he measures yours, by his own excellence or incapacity he estimates the qualities of others. The far sight miscalculates the near sight; the near sight miscalculates the far; the simple sight, which only sees unity, cannot judge of the double sight, which takes in two different objects, one with each eye; nor can it judge of the compound sight, which sees only a complication of parts—perhaps only one part distinctly at a time, and the rest as in a dim kaleidoscope—not to speak of many wonders, such as the learning of man has never yet fathomed or conceived. But each of these owners of eyes . . . . . very naturally, and of necessity, considers *his* especial pair, or set, as the standard of all correct vision. If he happens to have imperfect eyes, and to know it, then he makes the eyes of his species stand for his belief in perfection. It is quite clear that all of us—men, bees, ants, fish, spiders, cats, robins, and the rest—see things very differently, not only as shown in the present fragment of natural history, but throughout creation; and equally certain is it, that each species sets itself up as the true seer of things as they are. The grand question therefore is, who is right? Is nobody right, anyhow? or are we all right, somehow? As for our Poor Artist—the seventh of these eyesights—he entertained no manner of doubt but that he had "found a sovereign!"

#### SHAKESPEARE.

It needs not many words to wing the shaft  
Of wit and wisdom. Bards who fitly spake,  
More warmly to its heart the world doth take  
Than the huge tomes of scholars, or the craft  
Of rhetoric. When Shakespeare sang or laughed  
The earth with varied echoes vibrated,  
While answer made it none to those who read  
Their ponderous homelies. Athirst men quaffed  
His airy electric words like heavenly wine.  
The mountain summits of that orient land  
Outsoar the level of our praises fine.  
All other lie around like tracts of sand,  
With here and there a green isle or a palm  
That whispers pleasantly when days are calm.

C. P. C.

THERE is no comparison between that which we may lose by not trying and by not succeeding; since by not trying we throw away the chance of an immense good, by not succeeding we only incur the loss of a little human labor.—Bacon.